The East Room.

Every one has heard of the East Room in the White House at Washington, and all will be interested in the following reference to incidents connected with its history, from the pen of the Washington correspondent of the Cincinnati *Gazette*

The East Room during the war was the theater of many sad scenes. None was more touching than that of Abraham Lincoln bending in tears over the face of his dead young friend, Col. Ellsworth. Not in all the volume and glory of the war was the *eclat* of the Ellsworth zouaves and the sensation of their chieftain's tragic death eclipsed. I remember, as if it was yesterday, the bright spring morning when the news flew to us here of his assassination at the hands of a rebel in Alexandria. The impulsive young officer was shot while in the act of hauling down a rebel flag. The body was brought to the White House. Lincoln loved him as a father loves a son. The first cruel heart-wringing of the war was that I saw when our martyr President came into the East Room to take that last sad look at the brave soldier's face. The yellow light of the morning sun struggled into the spacious apartment between folds of tapestry.—Festoons of cypress gracefully drooped from the window casings. Fragrant flowers were profusely strewn about the catafalque. There was no ostentation. The deep grief of Lincoln moved all to tears. He was the central figure of a dozen friends grouped around the coffin. A tender, sorrowful look, a few convulsive sobs, and weeping, he silently withdrew. Four years later, a victim of the same diabolism, Lincoln sleeps upon a more stately catafalque, erected in the center of the East Room. Meantime it had been the scene of many brilliant historic assemblages, through it had poured throngs of people, and on its crimson sofas had lingered representatives of the wealth, culture and renown of all the great governments of the world.

The "Dead Line."

In the exact center of the Niagara suspension bridge is a mark familiarly known by the habitues of that neighborhood as the "dead line," across which to certain unfortunates, it is almost sure danger to pass. This line is supposed to divide the jurisdiction of the United States from of the Dominion of Canada. Although, in reality the bridge is itself neutral ground, yet custom's law gives the line fancied dangerous qualities.

At the bridge, at almost any time, men may be seen loitering—to all appearances being common tourists, or perhaps, dwellers in the vicinity of the structure. These individuals, if they are closely watched, it will be seen, do not cross the entire length of the bridge, but stop at or about the 'dead line,' and converse with others, a little distance off, on the other side.

The men are debtors of either one or the other country, who through immediate necessities or dread of the sheriff's officers, have been obliged to step across into the friendly other side, and await a settlement with their creditors, or for "something to turn up." On Sundays, when civil law for debts is void, these gentry make a point of visiting their late country, and many are the tricks played to keep them there till the arrival of Monday. If a quarrel can be picked with one of them at all, it is done by some bully hired for the purpose, and then both are arrested and locked up for a hearing. If he drives out some distance into the country, his horse is lamed, his wagon linchpin removed or his harness cut. Oftentimes an unly wight is thus entrapped, but generally, if liquor is avoided, the debtor manages to escape the pitfalls placed for them to walk into. —*N. Y. Post.*

Misapplication of Shakspeare.

Hon. Benjamin F. Wade and the late Hon. Joshua Giddings used to be constant competitors at the bar in "old, benighted Ashtabula," their place of residence. In the early part of his practice, Wade was defending a man against an action of slander, and after having concluded a very effective speech to the jury, sat awkwardly leaning backward, his feet on the counsel table, and facing Giddings, who was attempting to be eloquent in behalf of his injured client. "Old Gid," as he was familiarly called, knew a little smattering of Shakspeare, and now determined to bring that great author to his aid.

"Gentlemen of the jury," said he, with much ardor,

> "'He that steals my purse, steals trash;
> But he that robs me of my good name—'"

(Ahem!)

At this point, to his great discomfiture, Shakspeare deserted him. He repeated:

> "'He that steals my purse, steals trash;
> But he that robs me of my good nam—'"

(Another pause.)

"Takes that I never had," whispered Wade, as if prompting him, and so distinctly as to be heard by all in the room.

Amid the laughter and his own confusion, Giddings brought his speech to such a "lame and impotent conclusion," that his client recovered but six and a quarter cents for his lost character.—*Bench and Bar, by L. J. Bigelow.*

What Women Want.

In an article under the above head in the New York Independent, Gail Hamilton says:

"Judging from what we hear, one would suppose that the great and trying want of women is work, or as it is sometimes put, a fair day's wages for a fair day's work; or again, freedom to do whatsoever she is capable of doing. This is not so. What women want is not work, but the wages of work; not freedom to work, but freedom to receive money without working. There is plenty to do now, but they will not do it.—They wish to live like women, and be paid like men.

"It has been dinned and dinned into the ears of women that the places where they are wanted is in the kitchen. But into the kitchen they will not go. They are sorely wanted in the sewing room, but the sewing-room is to them an abomination.

"Sick nursing is an occupation the most honorable, important and remunerative. The demand for nurses is constant and urgent.

"I am amazed, I am indignant, to hear this outcry for a wider sphere, and greater opportunities for woman, while her sphere is already a thousand times greater than she has ever attempted to measure. Every sphere under the sun is open to her but the do-nothing sphere."

The easiest and the best way to expand the chest is to have a good heart in it.

The Empress Eugenie and Josephine's Ring.

A romantic incident is related of the way in which fate seemed to decree that the Montijos and the Napoleons should be united. The story is of Josephine's betrothal ring, and is in this wise: Eugenie's father, while serving in the First Napoleon's army, resided in Paris. In 1809, a little girl, Maria Montijo, about three years old, went to play in the Tuileries with her nurse. There she met a little boy who gave her a gold ring. As the children were strangers to each other, and did not meet again, the owner of the ring remained unknown, and so the little Maria kept it for a plaything. That ring was Josephine's and the little boy was Louis Napoleon, who had run away with the ring. The loss of the ring was a bad omen to Josephine, for a year afterward she had to resign in favor of another. Little Maria kept the plaything till she grew up. At 16 years of age she married, and became the mother of Eugenie, whose birth took place May 5, 1826. Her mother engraved this date on the ring she had worn so long herself, and when Eugenie was older, gave it to her. When quite a child, Eugenie went to London to pay a visit. There she became acquainted with Louis Napoleon, who saw the ring with the date and Josephine's name on it, and knew it had belonged to her. From this circumstance Louis looked upon the little Montijo as attached to his house, and twenty years afterward it became a fact. After a time, Eugenie's mother came to regard the token as of great importance, and formed a plan of bringing the two families together. That was the secret of so lovely a woman as Eugenie remaining single till the age of 26. A crown awaited her, which was never lost sight of.

A STOMACH FULL OF NAILS.—Postmaster Ireland, of Germantown, recently lost a fine horse by a singular sickness. The horse had, for a time, a very ravenous appetite, though he lost flesh rapidly, all the while. Finally he quit eating entirely, and he died very soon afterward. During the horse's illness everything was done for him that the most skilful farriers could do, but without avail. A *post mortem* examination was made of the horse, and a handful of iron nails were found in his stomach. He had a fancy to eating nails, and they were the death of him. The nails had been in the stomach for some time, and constant friction had worn them smooth.—*Dayton Ohio Journal.*

The road that ambition travels is too narrow for friendship; too crooked for love; too rugged for honesty; and too dark for conscience.